



*English-men for my money: or,*

Ile downe that Hill, where such good Wenches keepe,  
But sirra *Ned*, what sayes *Mathea* to thee?  
Wilt fadge? wilt fadge? What, will it be a match?

*Walg.* A match say you? a mischiefe twill as soone:  
Should I can scarce begin to speake to her,  
But I am interrupted by her father.

Ha, what say you? and then put ore his snoute,  
Able to shadow *Powles*, it is so great.  
Well, tis no matter, sirrs, this is his House,  
Knocke for the Churle bid him bring out his Daughter;  
Ile, sblood I will, though I be hanged for it,

*Heigh.* Hoyda, hoyda, nothing with you but vp & ride,  
Youle be within, ere you can reach the Dore,  
And haue the Wench, before you compasse her:  
You are too hastie, *Pisaro* is a man,  
Not to be fedde with Words, but wonne with Gold.  
But who comes heere?

*Enter Anthony.*

*Walg.* Whom, *Anthony* our friend?  
Say man, how fares our Loues? How doth *Mathea*?  
Can she loue *Ned*? how doth she like my sute?  
Will old *Pisaro* take me for his Sonne,  
For I thanke God, he kindly takes our Landes,  
Swearing, Good Gentlemen you shall not want,  
Whilst old *Pisaro*, and his credite holds:  
He will be damn'd the Roage, before he do't?

*Harru.* Prethy talke milder: let but thee alone,  
And thou in one bare hower will aske him more,  
Then heele remember in a hundred yeares:  
Come from him *Anthony*, and say what newes?

*Antho.* The newes for me is badd; and this it is:  
*Pisaro* hath discharg'd me of his seruice.

*Heigh.* Discharg'd thee of his seruice; for what cause?

*Anth.* Nothing, but that his Daughters learne *Philosophy*.

*Harru.* Maydes should reade, that it teacheth modestie.

*Antho.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Antho.* I, but I left out mediocritie,  
And with effectuall reasons, vrgd your loues.

*Walg.* The fault was small, we three will to thy Maister  
And begge thy pardon.

*Antho.* Oh, that cannot be,  
Hee hates you farre worser, then he hates me;  
For all the loue he shewes, is for your Lands,  
Which he hopes sure will fall into his hands:  
Yet Gentlemen, this comfort take of me,  
His Daughters to your loues affected be:  
Their father is abroad, they three at home,  
Goe chearely in, and cease that is your owne:  
And for my selfe, but grace what I intend,  
Ile ouerreach the Churle, and helpe my Friend.

*Heigh.* Build on our helpes, and but deuise the meanes.

*Antho.* *Pisaro* did commaund *Frisco* his man,  
(A simple sotte, kept onely but for myrth)  
To inquire about in *London* for a man,  
That were a *French-man* and Musitian,  
To be (as I suppose) his Daughters Tutor:  
Him if you meete, as like enough you shall,  
He will inquire of you of his affayres;  
Then make him answere, you three came from *Paules*,  
And in the middle walke, one you espide,  
Fit for his purpose; then discribe this Cloake,  
This Beard and Hatte: for in this borrowed shape,  
Must I beguile and ouer-reach the Foole:  
The Maydes must be acquainted with this drift.  
The Doore doth ope, I dare not stay reply,  
Least beeing discride: Gentlemen adue,  
And helpe him now, that oft hath helped you. *Exit.*

*Enter Frisco the Clowne.*

*Wal.* How now sirra, whither are you going?

*Fris.* Whither am I going, how shall I tell you; when I  
doe not know my selfe, nor vnderstand my selfe?

